Rope

Posted originally on the Archive of Our Own at http://archiveofourown.org/works/10727673.

Rating:	Not Rated
Archive Warning:	Creator Chose Not To Use Archive Warnings
Category:	M/M
Fandom:	Hannibal (TV)
Relationship:	Will Graham/Hannibal Lecter
Characters:	Hannibal Lecter, Will Graham
Additional Tags:	Rope Bondage, Shibari, tied up hannibal, AU, Young Hannibal, Young Will
Language:	English
Series:	Part 1 of Shibari
Collections:	Sub!Hannibal
Stats:	Published: 2017-04-25 Words: 3,833 Chapters: 1/1

Rope

by purplesocrates

Summary

I was given the wonderful prompt of a hog tied young Hannibal by @hannibalsimago after she saw a drawing by the wonderful @seavoices. The painting has now been finished and I have included it with the story.

Will and Hannibal meet at University in the same psychiatry class and begin a relationship, Will wants to tie Hannibal up in artful ways and Hannibal wants to kiss Will so agrees as Will promises to let him afterwards. Its a test of Hannibal's patience and Will's control.

I hope you like it! Thank you to the wonderful fannibals who have helped me with this, @hannibalsimago, @seavoices, and @whimsy-by-joja.

The rope was soft and slipped around skin easily, tendrils of twisted silk fibres wound together, Will could see the individual lines of each fibre but they all felt like one under his fingers. The black colour caused the rope to have a sheen especially obvious in the flickering candle and fire light. The room was warm which caused Hannibal's pale, naked skin to have an equally satisfying gleam.

Hannibal enjoyed patience. It was a trait he was forever trying to improve in himself, Will had been his greatest test yet and this was such a glorious reflection of that. Hannibal had been waiting for Will perhaps even before he knew him. Waiting for that moment of recognition in someone else. Waiting for someone to see him, know him.

Will looked intoxicating. Completely in control and in his element. Focus pure and resolved. Hannibal wanted Will to feel dominant, wanting Will to feel completely in control of his body as well as his mind. He wanted Will to bind him and keep him. He didn't know how Will had known this because he had never expected it of himself. That's what Will did he saw more of you than you did of yourself.

Hannibal was young and at medical school when he met Will. They had been in the same psychiatry class and Hannibal had instantly been drawn to Will's quiet mind. Will would always sit at the back of the classroom always getting there early to ensure he would have the same seat, Hannibal appreciated the obsessiveness of this behaviour. He would spend the lectures watching Will's mind work, both oblivious to everyone else around them. Hannibal would watch Will's hands as they made copious notes, the way his eyebrows would furrow and twitch when he had a thought or revelation.

Hannibal had decided to arrive at class early in order to sit closer to him. At first Will had studiously avoided eye contact and ignored Hannibal completely. However Hannibal was persistent and thought if Will got used to his presence he would eventually allow some kind of communication between them. It was Will who broke the ice eventually, Hannibal having weakened Will's resolve with his continuous gentle presence. They had begun talking after class and Hannibal had become even more fascinated with Will's mind and his ability to just understand and see things. It was intoxicating and soon Hannibal found himself craving more of Will's company.

Will had started by looping the rope around Hannibal's neck he had done this slowly and elegantly, placing the knot at the nape of his neck. The knot was not yet tight but caused a feeling of pressure and the possibility of more. Hannibal was led on his stomach, naked, on the floor of his bedroom with his arms behind his back. They had chosen Hannibal's space not just because Will lived in a tiny dorm but because it was important that Hannibal feel comfortable. Also the idea of Will dominating Hannibal in his own space also had its appeal to both of them.

Will then brought the rope further down to Hannibal's wrists and looped it around them and secured it with another knot. There was still slack on the rope but this, Hannibal was sure, had its purpose. Hannibal had chosen to not know exactly what Will was going to do. They had discussed limits, of which Hannibal had very few, but Will wanted to start slow if this went well it would be something he wanted to repeat. They had discussed safe words systems of language that would work to express levels of pain. Hannibal was sure he would not need these words but Will insisted they have them and that he would not think any less of Hannibal if he used them.

"Bend your knees so your feet are pointing towards your wrists." Will's voice had a tone that Hannibal had not heard him use before and it was fascinating. The command with which he spoke, the surety of his words, as if he had spent time beforehand choosing what he would say, every word a present to Hannibal.

Hannibal did as Will had asked, bent his knees and pointed his toes towards his bound wrists. The stretch on his stomach muscles a promise of what was to come. There was still enough slack on the rope that his face was still on the floor, head to the side so he could observe Will. They had discussed blindfolds but Will wanted this to be a pure experience he wanted to observe Hannibal's reactions, catalogue them for next time.

Will brought the rope from Hannibal's wrists to his ankles and looped it around them and then tied the knot. There was still some slack, Hannibal's knees and thighs still being flat on the floor. Will then brought the rest of the rope to just below Hannibal's wrists and made a loose loop in the slack. Will then checked all the knots and the slack, adjusting anything as he saw fit. His hands would only gently brush against Hannibal's skin, every time contact was made it felt like an electric shock. Hannibal's skin hummed.

Will then touched Hannibal's limbs, noticing the sinews stretch and strain which were glorious to Will. Applying pressure to Hannibal's legs so they were pushed closer to his back, he pulled on the slack of the rope between Hannibal's neck and wrists causing his head to bend back. Will continued to move Hannibal and test his pressure points, he would press down on the knots or twist the rope and notice the reaction in Hannibal's muscles and the look in his eyes. Hannibal enjoyed the way the pain was slow and steady, building in his system allowing the endorphin's to take a hold of him as he waited so patiently for his release. It allowed him to completely focus his mind in the moment and it was freeing.

They would meet outside of class times and on weekends, it took weeks for anything more to happen. Hannibal had wanted to kiss Will from the moment he met him but knew he had to be patient, bide his time, it was part of the game.

Will, all the while, was studying Hannibal and imagining all the ways he wanted to shape his body, he was beautiful, chiseled cheek bones and long lithe legs. Will wanted to explore Hannibal and find new ways of breaking him so he could put him back together again.

One night spent in Will's tiny room Hannibal had tried to kiss him and Will had stopped him.

"No, not like this." Will said his voice was soft and low but the look in his eyes was strong and dark.

Will stood back and admired his work, he noticed Hannibal's closed eyes and steady breathing as if he was in a trance. "Open your eyes, I want you to be present when I do this." Will's voice wrapped itself around Hannibal's mind and pulled him back, he slowly opened his eyes and glanced at Will. "Can you move?"

Hannibal catalogued his limbs in his mind feeling the stretch and strains, "yes a little." His voice was focused but Will could tell the pain was creeping in slowly at the edges, he was almost ready.

"I want to see you struggle before we reach the next stage."

Hannibal moved his legs the small amount he could and arched his back, digging his knees into the cold hard floor. Will gasped at the sight of the line it made, Hannibal could feel the knots adding pressure to his limbs and he groaned, the pain and euphoria building.

“Keep your back arched for me.” Hannibal complied and the pain was exquisite, he could feel the strain on his arms and legs, the stretch on his neck and the knot that dug with an insistent pressure at the base of his skull.

“Tell me how it feels?” Will was attempting to keep his voice neutral but a certain amount of breathless arousal had seeped in despite his best efforts.

“It feels euphoric, I can feel my body creating chemicals of your design. I feel as if I am on a precipice of your making and the fall will be divine.”

Will smiled and went to the part of the rope which went from Hannibal's neck to his wrists, he looped another knot in it so that Hannibal had to bend his neck up from the floor. Will hovered by Hannibal's head to give him a chance to say something if he wanted. After a few moments Will moved away.

Will had gently placed a hand on Hannibal’s chest to stop him from kissing him but not from moving away, their faces were millimetres apart, “what do you mean?” Hannibal was staring into Will’s eyes.

“A kiss is not what I want from you, I want so much more.”

Hannibal felt every word on his skin, feeling it sink in and burn him. “I am happy to give you more.”

“I don’t think you understand.” Will got up and paced the small room trying to find the right words, Hannibal’s eyes obsessively followed him missing the closeness they had just had. Will stopped and looked down at Hannibal meeting his hungry gaze, eyes fervent with desire. “When I look at you, I can see what you could be, the beauty of you. I want to find all the different ways your body could bend to me, I want to turn you into something more than just…sex.”

Hannibal stood up and placed his hands on Will’s arms, “tell me what you want.”

“I want to see you. I want to bring you out in you, I want to create you from your own muscles and bones, I want to see the curves and lines of you, I want to make you mine, I want to create my design of you.”

Hannibal stared into Will’s eyes and saw a fire that bloomed bright in the darkness and he smiled. “Once you've done that, then can I kiss you?”

Will smiled, “yes.”

Will smiled and watched for a little longer as Hannibal struggled to maintain the arch in his back, his neck still bent upwards. Hannibal's muscles were now beginning to spasm, eyes rolling back in his head. “Good you can lower your back for me now." Hannibal did as he was told, lowering his back, and felt a small amount of relief which made him whimper slightly and Will very much enjoyed the sound. "You look beautiful. The sounds you make are music to me. I would like to keep your neck in that position it creates a wonderful line. I can loosen it if you like?"

"No." Will waited until Hannibal’s breathing had calmed a small amount and made his way over to him. Will held a small baton in his hands, fingers caressing the smoothness of the wood. He ran the end of the baton slowly from Hannibal’s nape down his neck, he pressed down on the knot. He then brushed the baton down Hannibal's shoulders one at a time, tracing the groove in the middle of his back, down to his buttocks and along his legs and feet.

Will then used the baton to press down on each of the knots one at time, lingering on each one for a moment before moving on. He would return to place pressure on the knots on the nape of his neck and the one on his wrists.

Hannibal could feel the light touch as it made its way down his body with a heightened sense, his entire body was on fire with the strain of the position and the feather light touch made him feel as if he was floating above himself. He wanted the touch to be Will’s hands but he knew he had to be patient. He breathed out a long breath lamenting the loss of the baton once Will had finished.

“Are you ready?”

“Yes.” Hannibal breathed out, he was so ready.

Will had made Hannibal wait months, they had talked about all the different possibilities of what could happen. They had talked and talked and planned and planned, Hannibal loved to be patient but even he was becoming stretched at this point. Will would gently stop him every time Hannibal tried to kiss him, he would always let their faces linger close together for a moment before he stopped it and that was enough to make Hannibal attempt to kiss more often.

He could feel how connected they were through their mutual desire for each other. Hannibal would imagine their hearts beating at the same time, he would imagine that Will and he were doing exactly the same thing at the same time during the day. Will refused for them to even sleep in the same bed, they would always part and go to their separate homes. Hannibal would spend his nights being haunted by fevered dreams of Will kissing every inch of his skin agonizingly slowly.

Will would imagine Hannibal contorted to his own shape, he would imagine touching every inch of his skin with his fingers, feeling the heat of it as he made the pain become something euphoric. He wanted to see that euphoria in Hannibal's eyes, he wanted to taste it on his mouth. Will wanted that first kiss to taste like ambrosia.

Will could sense Hannibal's need and so waited. He wanted Hannibal to shake, he wanted him to be completely overcome before his fall. Will watched as Hannibal tried to remain in control of his rapidly betraying body which was starting to flicker with small muscle spasms. Will smiled, he could almost feel every flinch, contraction and convulsion as if it were his own. Will closed his eyes and let his mind wander to Hannibal so he could truly feel it, the restraints, the pressure, the cold of the floor, the heat of the room, Will's complete control. He shuddered and opened his eyes.

Slowly Will placed the baton, at an angle, under the slack of the rope just under Hannibal's wrists above his lower back. He then raised one end of the baton so it was over the rope and then gently twisted it towards him. Hannibal's wrists and hands were drawn closer to his feet, legs lifted up and neck pulled further back. Will completed one turn, Hannibal moaned at the stretch. It was beautiful to see Hannibal's body contorted like this just for him, his design.

He let Hannibal adjust to the tightness of the rope watching the strain on muscles and the shape his back made as his stomach was lifted off the floor. Hannibal wanted Will to touch him but he knew he had to wait. Will then made another complete turn with the baton and Hannibal gasped and felt the endorphin's in his body begin to release, he was so close to falling. Will could almost feel the heady mixture of natural chemicals swirling around Hannibal's body as if they were leaving his skin and filling the air around them, he breathed it in.

"One more turn and you will be complete." Will's voice was filled with pride at his creation and how strong Hannibal's body was in creating it. "Are you ready?"

"Yes." Hannibal sounded as if he was going to explode into molecules right there in front of him, Will could almost imagine it and it made him shiver with pleasure.

Will had whispered to Hannibal before a lecture that he had found something. Hannibal had felt a jolt of electricity run through him at these words. He had to wait in itchy anticipation for the lecture to finish so he could ask Will what he had found. Will had silently taken Hannibal's hand and led him to the library, his face a concentrated grin of anticipation.

They went down into the basement level, Will still had a firm hold of Hannibal's hand as he led him through the stacks. Eventually they stopped by a bookshelf, there was no one else there and Hannibal could taste Will's anticipation. Hannibal backed Will up against the bookshelves and stood close to him, Will's hand inevitably came to Hannibal's chest gently stopping him. Hannibal closed his eyes and breathed in the scent of Will and books in this dusty library. Will was staring at Hannibal who could feel the weight of his gaze even with his eyes closed, he could feel Will next to his body so close to merging with his own it made him ache so much deeper. "Soon." Will whispered and pushed Hannibal gently away, Hannibal swayed slightly unsteady on his feet but took a step back.

Will smiled and Hannibal thought he would just stop existing at the sight of that smile, he wanted to own that smile, the lips it belonged to, the mouth that formed it, the thought that created it.

Hannibal had to be patient. It was all part of Will's design.

Will walked towards Hannibal and backed him against the opposite bookshelf, with a smirk, he reached behind Hannibal and removed a book. He brushed the side of Hannibal's cheek with his own as he leaned back and Hannibal shivered with anticipation. Will handed him the book.

Hannibal looked down at the black cover which simply said in silver letters 'Shibari' and smiled.

Will turned the baton once more and the ropes were all pulled tight, Hannibal's legs made the most exquisite shape as his feet reached his hands. The strain on his stomach muscles was beautiful. Will tied off the baton so he could leave Hannibal in this position and admire it from a distance.

He walked back and was astounded by the muscles and sinews stretched taught. The colour of the silk rope perfectly contrasting his skin, he was a vision, a work of art. Will knew he couldn't leave Hannibal long he was struggling for breath but he wanted this to last as long as possible. He could see the pain and lack of oxygen were starting to build to a release.

A week later Will had shown Hannibal a selection of different ropes, all silk and wonderfully smooth and soft, in different colours. Hannibal had held them in his hands feeling the weight and softness of each one.

"Can you roll up your shirt sleeves for me?" Will had asked with a glint in his eye, "I need to see the colours against your skin."

Hannibal complied as Will, with rapt attention watched, and rolled up his shirt sleeves revealing his forearms. Will studied them for long moments picturing them contorted and stretched. Then silently he picked up the first small length of sample rope which was red and tied Hannibal's wrist together in a simple slip not. Will starred at the colour against Hannibal's skin and Hannibal stared at Will. Every touch of tying and untying the rope was slight, only lingering as long as necessary.

Will tried all the colours, taking his time, sometimes going back and trying a colour a second time. Eventually he settled on the black and Hannibal agreed, although he was so turned on by that point he would have agreed to lime green.

Hannibal had gone home and dreamt of Will touching him surrounded by long lengths of multicoloured ropes hanging down around him, every time one touched him a jolt of an orgasm wracked his body. Hannibal woke to find he had ejaculated like a boy during the night. When Will closed his eyes that night he saw Hannibal prostrate on the ground ropes running over him causing burning pleasure all over his body until he cried out Will's name in release.

Taking one last long look Will made his way over to the baton, he untied the anchoring knot and then untwisted it once, twice and finally releasing Hannibal who was beginning to be overcome as the release built in his body. Will ran his hands down Hannibal's body following the same path as he had done with the baton and Hannibal moaned at the contact. The heat of Hannibal's skin was so hot against Will's hand he almost felt burned.

With care and attention Will began to loosen the knots, he wanted the pressure to be reduced gradually, he touched and caressed Hannibal as he did this. Hannibal was lost in deep pleasure as the tension was slowly released from his body. The feeling of floating up and then slowly falling down like a feather softly caressed his entire body.

Once Will had undone all the knots and removed the rope Hannibal started shaking, his body had gone into physical shock. Will placed the blanket around him and gave him water. Will gently hugged him and Hannibal adjusted his position so that his head was in Will's lap where Will gently caressed his hair. Hannibal had then slipped into sleep and stopped shaking.

When Hannibal woke up still groggy, his limbs still tired Will helped him up and led him to the bed where he laid him down under the covers. Will led next to him and watched as he fell into another deep sleep.

Hannibal slept for a few hours and woke to find Will still awake diligently watching over him, “hello Will.”

Will smiled, “hello Hannibal, how are you feeling?”

“Good, how are you feeling?”

Will’s mind was swirling with thoughts, he could not have imagined a more intimate evening, he gently leaned over and kissed Hannibal gently on the forehead. “You were amazing.”

Hannibal smiled, “thank you.”

They led their together, moments stretched between them like threads connecting them together. Will kept having flashes of the way Hannibal’s skin had shone, the way his muscles had stretched and elongated at his command. Hannibal could feel the ropes around his legs and arms, the softness and the pressure, his limbs ached in a glorious way reminding him of Will and how Will saw him.

“Can I get you anything?” Will broke the revelry and his concern made Hannibal smile.

“Yes, actually you can.”

Will smiled knowing, “what is that?”

“A kiss.”

Will leant over Hannibal and gently brushed his lips against Hannibal’s, it was such a soft touch that Hannibal could feel the smoothness of his lips against his. Will gently added pressure and brought their lips together in a kiss, he placed his top lip beneath Hannibal’s so that he parted his mouth for Will. Moving his lips up slowly to cover Hannibal’s, he gently kissed him and pushed his tongue inside Hannibal’s mouth with a feather light touch their tongues skirted over each other and Hannibal moaned, reaching up he grabbed Will’s head in his hands and pulled him closer. The kiss was so slow and languid and Hannibal could feel every moment of it being etched in to his memory. Will tasted like cheap whisky and coffee, it was glorious.

Please drop by the Archive and comment to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!